

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — THIS DAY, at Three. —
THIRD SATURDAY CONCERT. The programme will include: Symphony No. 1 (Beethoven); Serenade and Rondo Gioioso (Mendelssohn); Piano Solos (Mendelssohn); the Hebrides Overture (Mendelssohn), in two forms: 1. as originally composed, Dec. 16, 1830; 2. as finally altered, May, 1832. Madame Demerich-Lablaiche, Miss Dalmaine, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Solo Pianoforte, Herr Pauer. Conductor—Mr. MANNS.

Admission Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket. Stalls for this concert, Half-a-crown. Transferable reserved stalls for the remaining twenty-four concerts, Two Guineas.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY'S FIRST BENEFIT on MONDAY NEXT, and positively the Last Night of M. Riviere's Promenade Concerts, on which special occasion the following artists have graciously and kindly promised their most valuable aid:—Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Fanny Rubini, Mdlle. Cornelle d'Anka, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Mdlle. Carreno, Solo Pianist. Mr. Arthur Sketchley has, in the kindest manner, consented to give Mrs. Brown's impressions of "Hamlet." Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. T. Harper, Solo Trumpet, Mr. H. Reynolds, Solo Cornet, and Mr. John Winterbottom, Solo Capriccioso Bassoon. Conductors—M. RIVIERE and MEYER LUTZ (by permission of J. Hollingshead, Esq.). Accompanists—Messrs. Stanislaus and Mr. George Hicknell. Private Boxes—Grand Tier, £3 3s.; First Tier, £2 2s.; Second Tier, 10s. 6d. Orchestra Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s. Grand Circle Seats (a limited number reserved), 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls (numbered and reserved), 2s. To be had of Mr. Edward Murray, at the Theatre, and Mr. E. Hall, at the Box Office, from Ten till Five. Promenade—ONE SHILLING.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maida Hill West, W.

MISS REBECCA JEWELL will sing at Mr. KUHE'S RECITAL at Brighton, on Wednesday Next, HENRY SMART'S song, "LIST'NING TO THE NIGHTINGALES," from "King René's Daughter." LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MR. KUHE will play F. A. COWEN'S "TWILIGHT REVERIES," at his RECITAL at Brighton, on Wednesday Next.—LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street; and CRAMER, WOOD, & Co.

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MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (pupil of Delle Sedie) has returned to Town to resume his engagements in Oratorios and Concerts. 33, Craven Road, Hyde Park. "Mr. Alfred Baylis possesses a pure tenor voice, and good method of singing."—Standard.

MR. HANDEL GEAR, Professor of Singing, begs to acquaint his friends and pupils that he has returned to town. 66, SNEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Barytone), Professor of Italian and English Singing, begs to announce his return to Town. Mr. Penna teaches the Songs from Handel's Oratorios, with their traditional renderings, as imparted to him by the late Sir George Smart, of whom he was a favourite pupil. 44, Westbourne Park Road.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION (Director, Mr. LAND), having concluded their series of Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, in connection with the International Exhibition, will appear at Brighton, October 24th and 25th; Hastings, 25th and 26th; and Bradford, Yorkshire (Subscription Concert), 27th. For vacant dates and terms, address Mr. LAND, 4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park.

MR. MAPLESON begs respectfully to announce that he has taken the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, for his usual short Autumn Season of Italian Opera, commencing on Monday, October 30th. Full particulars will be shortly announced. The box-office will open on Monday, October 23rd, under the direction of Mr. H. Hall.

REMOVAL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

HERR STOCKHAUSEN begs to inform his friends and pupils that he will arrive in London on the 8th of November. For particulars apply to Mr. A. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

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THE GUITAR.—MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she will return to Town the end of October and resume her teaching.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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Drooping mother, weep no more,
 Upward look and see
 Her whom thou mournest evermore,
 Keeping watch o'er thee.

Grieve not at the will divine,
 Humbly strive to bow;
 Though bereft, do not repine,
 Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
 The lost, the young, the fair,
 Lives now where the happy dwell—
 Would'st call thy child from there?

Ever gone to peaceful rest,
 A halo round her brow,
 Earthly cares touch not her breast—
 Thy child's an angel now.

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"THE KEMBLERES."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has lately published a new work in two volumes on the "*The Kembles*," in the belief that "what has been done in this direction was found unsatisfactory by the public; and he ventures to hope that he will be found to have contributed a fuller and more authentic dramatic history than either of his predecessors." The predecessors in question are Boaden and Thomas Campbell, whose deficiencies are fully set forth in the preface. Boaden, we are reminded, overloaded his so-called *Memoirs of John Philip Kemble* with so much stage history that what ought to have been throughout the prominent figure is occasionally thrust into the background, while his account of Mrs. Siddons, published during her life with reserve, is meagre to a degree. Thomas Campbell, one of the most enthusiastic of her admirers and warmest of her friends, undertook her life by her own especial injunction and with the befitting amount of zeal, which diminished space as the labour of investigating an unusual amount of correspondence and sifting a daily accumulating mass of materials opened on him. He got fairly sick of the eagerly accepted task before it was half completed, did a good deal by deputy, and made no effective use of the valuable MSS. lent him by the family, which were never returned, and are missing to this hour. His friend, Cyrus Redding, after describing the *ennui* under which he suffered, states that, to guard against interruption, he would occasionally fix a placard on the door of his chambers, announcing that "Mr. Campbell is engaged with the biography of Mrs. Siddons, and can see no one;" a partial imitation of Maturin, who was wont to fix a black wafer on his forehead by way of warning to his family that he was engaged in composition, and was on no account to be disturbed. But these efforts of Campbell, fitful and brief, little accelerated the finale, although their traces may be seen in the forced style and laboured execution of the work, which was pretty generally considered a failure; so that Mr. Fitzgerald can hardly be deemed guilty of presumption in competing with it.

"This, then, constitutes a fair apology for making yet one more attempt to tell the story of these two gifted artists. Since Campbell and Boaden wrote, great stores of new material have come to light—theatrical memoirs, diaries, histories, recollections in profusion. Collecting all that seemed material from these sources, I found that the interest in Mrs. Siddons would centre not so much in her dramatic life as in the story of her own adventures and struggles, her difficulties and trials, her friendships and social existence, all of which make up a woman's history of singular attraction. That of her brother has far less dramatic interest, and it will be seen that his life can be dealt with as part of hers with far more effect than if it had been related separately."

After re-perusing the admirable and life-like sketch of John Phillip Kemble by Sir Walter Scott (reprinted among his *Miscellaneous Criticisms*), we cannot agree that the brother's history has less of dramatic or even of personal interest, and we have serious doubts whether it could not be separately related with more effect. It also strikes us that, by making the main interest in the great actress centre in the woman, Mr. Fitzgerald has done his best to lessen her in the world's eye, to bring her down from her pedestal, and make her walk about like an ordinary mortal, instead of being contemplated from a respectful distance like an idealized being, a semi-goddess, or a queen. The author of *The Pleasures of Hope* did not err in this direction; he did not impair our *beau idéal*; and it is one compensating advantage of having a poet or a biographer that he places in broad relief what is noblest, finest, and grandest in the character he undertakes to delineate, and kindles or sustains in his readers some part at least of the enthusiastic admiration with which he starts. Diligent and discursive, if not always accurate or discriminating, Mr. Fitzgerald has produced a clear and tolerably correct summary of all that people in general care to know about the Kembles. But his style is loose; his book wants glow and colour; his figures stalk monotonously instead of moving majestically or gliding gracefully across the stage; and, owing to the multitude of commonplace accessories by which he seeks to improve the likenesses, his portraits belong rather to domestic life than history. There were inevitable details enough of an illusion-destroying kind to save the necessity of looking out for more. It is at least as well authenticated as Shakespeare's deer-stealing that the stately Kemble was once driven by hunger to commit a depredation with a brother stroller in a turnip-field; and we fear there is no denying that Mrs. Siddons was worried by the family opposition to her marriage into accepting a brief engagement as lady's-maid.

There was a tradition in the family, to which believers in race will readily give credit at sight, that they had gentle blood in their veins, and were collaterally related to the Captain Kemble who did good service at Worcester. But Roger, the father of "the Kembles," is the

earliest progenitor to whom they have been traced; he was reported in the profession to have begun life as a hairdresser; and we first hear of him as member of a strolling company which (in theatrical language) travelled the Midland circuit. The manager, Ward, had a very handsome daughter, who, according to Boaden, had once been tempted by a coronet, which she well might have been without having had the refusal of one. Roger Kemble fell in love with her, and she lent a willing ear to his addresses, which were at first opposed by her father on the ground of his having registered a vow that she should never marry an actor; a difficulty which was eventually got over in a way which must have wounded while it gratified the suitor. The marriage, argued the kind father, would be no breach of the vow, for Roger never was and never would be an actor. Curiously enough, this sarcasm has been commonly given to the subject of it, who is said to have similarly qualified his consent to his daughter's marriage to Siddons.

Sarah was born, during circuit, at Brecknock, in a little inn in the High Street, called the Shoulder of Mutton; John Philip, at Prescott, in a farmhouse. They both inherited from their parents those advantages of form and feature which contributed so largely to their success, and their education was of a more elevated order than might have been expected from the circumstances. They were put to school wherever a longer stay than usual at a country town offered an opportunity. Sarah was taught music and elocution, and encouraged in her taste for poetic reading beyond the dramatic range. While yet a child, she declaimed Milton in a manner to excite the hopes of her parents and the applause of their friends. She gave Campbell in writing an anecdote indicating the providential strengthening of her religious tendencies in the midst of the worldly temptations to which her girlhood was exposed. She had set her heart on going to a picnic in a new pink dress ordered for the occasion. She went to sleep with a Prayer-book in her hand, open at the prayer for fine weather. When she awoke it was raining hard, and on looking at the Prayer-book she found that she had mistaken the page, and held the book open at the prayer for rain. She set the matter right, went to sleep again, and awoke the second time to find (as the poet hath it) "the morning as pink and as beautiful as her dress," showing, he caustically remarks, her confidence in the efficacy of prayer or rather of the Prayer-book. The comment of a sceptical and prosaic reviewer in the *Quarterly* on this story was that the prayers for rain and for fine weather are on the same page, which (objects Mr. Fitzgerald), could hardly be the case in every edition. They are short prayers, printed together, and we have never seen a Prayer-book that would open at one without simultaneously opening at the other; but (as was said of the lobster painted red among the listening fishes) this trifling difficulty only makes the miracle the greater.

She narrowly escaped becoming the pupil of the clever scapegrace, Combe, the author of *Dr. Syntax*, who, after being engaged as a kind of tutor by the father, was fortunately rejected by the mother, and subsequently revenged himself by relating whatever he could recollect or invent of an annoying or incongruous character during the obscure period of Sarah's life; as that he remembered her, when a girl, standing at the wing of a country theatre, beating the snuffers against a candlestick to represent the sound of a windmill. Long before she became known as an actress she was celebrated as a beauty; and if she could not, like her mother, boast of having been tempted by a coronet, she was flattered, courted, and toasted by squires of condition and estate. One of these, a Welshman, named Evans, captivated by her singing of "Robin, sweet Robin," made a most inopportune offer of his hand just when a reluctant consent to her marriage with Siddons had been extorted from her parents. The consent was withdrawn, and Siddons was summarily dismissed from the company, but allowed a farewell benefit at Brecon, the young lady's birthplace, where they were then performing, and he took leave in a fashion that must have impressed the least refined audience with contempt. He did so by singing some doggerel verses detailing the progress and unhappy conclusion of his courtship, more than one of which was pointedly levelled at his betrothed—*e.g.* :—

"Dear ladies, avoid one indelible stain;
Excuse me, I beg, if my verse is too plain;
But a jilt is the devil, as has long been confess'd,
Which a heart like poor Colin's must ever detest."

The mother, curbing her anger only so far as to wait for his exit, boxed his ears soundly and perseveringly when he left the stage; and if sense or reason could ever cure man or woman of a foolish passion or fancy, the daughter would have needed no further proof of his unworthiness. But she refused to give him up, and the direct result of her contumacy was that domestication with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, which has given rise to an infinity of conjecture and dispute. In what capacity was she hired or received—as companion, reader, nursemaid, or lady's-maid? That is the question. We may dismiss the nursemaid, for

* "*The Kembles*." An account of the Kemble Family, including the lives of Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Philip Kemble. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., &c. In two volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street, Strand. 1871.

there were no children to nurse. The recorded fact of her having recited at houses to which she accompanied her employer favours the readership; but, on the other hand, Mr. Greathead told Miss Wynn, the lady of quality, that he had often heard Mrs. Siddons read *Macbeth* when she was his mother's maid; and Mrs. Greathead told Conversation Sharp, speaking of the innate dignity of the great actress, that she always felt an irresistible inclination to rise from her chair when her maid came to attend her. Fielding's lady's-maids are commonly the daughters or grand-daughters of clergymen; and a hundred years ago a lady's-maid who could read and recite like Mrs. Siddons would necessarily have been treated more like a humble companion than a *soubrette*.

(To be continued.)

A WORD FOR THE KEMBLE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A rather prevalent spirit of detraction seems to prevail amongst the reviewers of Mr. Fitzgerald's work on *The Kembles* in reference to the merits of the Kemble family. The prevailing opinion expressed by these gentlemen seems to be that Mrs. Siddons was the one gifted member of the family, and that none of the rest achieved any success of importance. We may fairly presume that the majority of the writers never saw Mrs. Siddons or her brothers John or Charles Kemble; and it is also probable that the same majority have no personal experience of Charles Kemble's daughters, Fanny and Adelaide. But by the few amongst the living who can boast of having seen all the Kembles now mentioned, there is one attribute of genius which will be conceded to each of them, and that is *power*; and in this respect they stand out from amongst the mass of contemporaries in strong relief. Power, physical and mental, they all possessed. No one who saw the Coriolanus, the Brutus, and the Cato of John Kemble, will doubt this, or forget the massive, grand, and lofty attributes, clothed with majestic beauty and classic grace, which distinguished these presentments. Charles Kemble's Faulconbridge was a notorious example of splendid power; while his Mercutio, his Cassio, and his Charles Surface, evinced the most masterly breadth and freedom of delineation, coupled with a refinement and finish of detail that astonished and fascinated the critic. Let those who can, compare the remembrance of these performances with any subsequent representations of the same parts they may have seen. Who that heard it will ever forget his delivery of "Queen Mab," the mode in which his Mercutio seemed to revel in the contemplation of each image as it rose, rapid and bubbling to the surface of imagination, in that wonderful outburst of hilarity and fancy? How tame and mechanical have been the subsequent deliveries of this famous speech! Miss Fanny Kemble was the original Julia, in Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*; and we have the testimony of the author himself (who played Master Walter) to the grand power of the actress in the great scene in the last act. Her emotional acting, and her delivery of the words "Do it! nor leave the task to me!" were as fine, said Mr. Knowles, as Mrs. Siddons' famous ejaculation in Lady Macbeth's sleeping scene. And who that saw her sister Adelaide's Norma and Semiramide can forget the Siddonian spirit and grandeur of those performances? As a piece of histrionic artistry, no other Norma, no other Semiramide, could compete with her.—I remain, yours, &c., W. September, 1871.

[The above must be taken *cum grano salis*, otherwise it will be difficult to swallow comfortably.—A.S.S.]

LINES SUGGESTED BY A POEM ON MISS NEILSON,

(PUBLISHED IN THE "MUSICAL WORLD," SEPT. 30.)

Great Jupiter was sad and dreary,
And of Olympian games quite weary.
He wanted food for merriment,
And so, to Momus, off he sent.
"Dear Mo," said he, "I'm melancholy!
Go find me out some thing of folly,
That I may laugh an hour away,
To see some ape his antics play."
Then Momus search'd th' Elysian fields o'er,
But nothing found he there, and therefore
He took "a return" at Sol's bright station,
Shot down on a ray to the English nation.
He groped and searched like any dredger,
And away flew he with H. J. St. L.—r.

G. A. M.

LEOCO.—A new opera, *Reginella*, by Signor Braga, has been produced with decided success. The libretto, by the well-known author, Signor A. Ghislanzoni, is extremely interesting.

DAME BRITANNIA'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC: OR, A SOLO ON NATIONAL AND FOREIGN AIRS.

DEDICATED TO ALL ENGLISH LOVERS OF MUSIC, BY JOHN CHESHIRE.

(Concluded from page 649.)

Ere this come, it surely would be wise to make the learning of music compulsory in all schools as a branch of general education. That this can be done is clear, and the nation ought to encourage the same to its utmost. Who can doubt the wondrous moral and spiritual good such a course would do? Would not music be nationalized, and serve as a medium of intellectual benefit to the youth of our day, whose love for music is so common, and whose knowledge of it would so far add to the joys of home and their after life? Watch the effects of music on old age, where the intellects are keen, but not over cultivated, and see invariably its power in moralizing, soothing the cares of time, especially when the young are the exponents. A new life is given. And what regret it ever is, when such a harmless, benefitting art is not encouraged. The important effects of music upon the mind, more especially of the young, forms the seat of permanent occupation and pleasure for their future. Why, then, should the nation be deprived of these advantages so easy of attainment? As it is, the art may be compared to an old tree, stunted, its branches withered and sapless.

Is it that history here repeats itself by presenting us with a public callous to the noble influence of art? No! I think not. But there is so much licentiousness with it now, so much craving for eye-sights, such pampering of all that's destroying to true art, that one cannot wonder at the extreme low ebb at which the taste of our middle-class is now arrived at, and which it ardently behoves all true lovers of music to strike at with all force, to eradicate evils that deteriorate the very common sense as well as disgust all healthy wishers of both music and the people. Nor will this degradation to art be removed until the nation places those at the head of their profession with full power to act, and rank themselves as much the public art-rulers as are the dignities in other spheres. There are heads of Government, War, Church, and many other important bodies; and why cannot there be a head and governing power over Musical-Art in this country?—a pivot which shall be the mainspring of all musical action. It would certainly be no sinecure, and, at least, give us some idea of recognizing an art the whole civilized world applauds. But our National will is slow in accepting this. So varied are opinions in our country that true artistic dignity is often questioned, for often the veriest buffoon may take shelter under the wing of an eminent professor, and then, by high-sounding words, call himself a member of a profession he in reality often disgraces.

To rake out the weeds that encumber musical art in this country is a desirable undertaking, to give fresh and healthy life to it. Not to pass over the many praiseworthy attempts to localize music (as such efforts have, in the fullest sense of the word, been confined to London), it must be a source of great regret to see all our National efforts to popularize the art fail up to the present moment. But in a country so thoroughly material as ours, can it be wondered at that the art has been technically neglected? seeing that, like all things, it requires schooling even to feel its influences, without the ability to appreciate its beauties.

That an innate love, as genuine as it is ardent, exists for music in England, is certain. Were it not so, no amount of ostentation could justify the public support of it which we so often see contributed. What I repeat is,—that proper means and advantages are not offered the general public for technically understanding the true and sacred value of the art: that in place of its being considered a moral and spiritual power, it is, in its present state with the public of this country, a mere amusement to kill time and satisfy morbid cravings, for which there is too much indulgence, and for which there has not been allowed to exist a National purifier, so to speak, to exercise its permanent example and influence. It is not for one or two enthusiasts to periodically test this; for, to be of universal and permanent good, such examples must be permanent *themselves* in their growth, to lay hold and form the taste of a people. Let all praise be given those who have done much for music in England; their fame will live long, and, doubtless, bear much fruit. But the seeds only of a National good have been sown by them; for the mine has not

yet been dug that shall enrich England with growing and increased results for the musical art-people of our country. No individual alone can do this as far as regards popularizing good music. The nation itself must both sanction and support it. The standard of music shall be raised by our Government, and our disciples in art shall rally round it with heroic and national pride. Their labours, warm with patriotism, would shed a lustre upon all lovers of music, that would kindle an everlasting desire for the true and beautiful in art.

With such a standard in Old England, would not our sympathies lend themselves more becomingly to the progress of art? Would it not remove the insipidities of our day, which so contaminate and poison art? Would not the genius of England have its proper recognition, and be an incentive to all desirous of being associated with music?

But without proper encouragement to art in this country, can it be wondered at that it is a trade, a thing of lucre, and English talent disregarded, and forbidden the honours it merits? That no royal road to recognition, let alone position, is presented to them: the prevailing mania for others must predominate and keep us aloof, as unworthies, without too much delicacy for this mark of attention. Where so many nationalities exist as in England at this day, can it be surprising that the absence of any recognized standard of musical art in our country should cause doubt, and even impede, if not tarnish, our own efforts? We, however, submit to this, no matter the consequence.

In conclusion, it is not too much to say that the English School of Music, as "bearing upon the general taste of the people" (in which sense I always mean it to be applied here), was never in such a lamentable state as at the present moment; and if efforts are not soon made to change it, all native influence may be superseded by an unwarrantable delay that will reflect an undying reproach upon us, and render our efforts in so glorious a cause the more difficult to realize. Surely it is high time for us to assert our authority in the matter, and prove to our nation that we can, and will, develop our nationality, and that too much persistence in detracting causes can only tend to our disadvantage by neutralizing all native talent, by an undue partiality for too many and daily growing aggressive agencies. It needs only to cursorily glance at the musical doings before the English public for the most unprejudiced person to satisfy himself of the utter want of respect due to our native professors, also of the slight recognition—in its broadest sense—of artistic excellence, while such depravity of taste and indifference exist that so greatly take away from the cultivation of musical art in this country.

Tunes for Music.

THE STUDENTS' CHRISTMAS-TIDE SONG.*

With his grey hairs crowned with holly,
And with laughter ringing wide,
Christmas comes, and Melancholy
Fears his mirthful march to 'bide.
Hearts that long have lain in sadness,
Like the swallow's fabled trance,
Now awake, spring-like, to gladness,
And "All hail!" the king's advance.
So, old Christmas, merry Christmas,
We'll doff our caps to thee;
We'll quaff to thee in rosy wine,
And greet thee with heart glee.

Soon, my comrades, we shall be
To the longed-for joys of home,
And forget, with dear ones nigh us,
Sages old of Greece and Rome.
Eager eyes will watch our coming
(Bless blithe Christmas for his boon!);
And e'en now lone hearts are summing
Dreary hours that fly not soon.

So, old Christmas, merry Christmas,
We'll doff our caps to thee;
We'll quaff to thee in rosy wine,
And greet thee with heart glee.

HUGH CAMERON.

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ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

The operas given last week, besides the *Rose of Castile*, played on the opening night, and since twice repeated, were the *Bohemian Girl*, *Lucy of Lammermoor*, and *Maritana*. In Balfé's still most attractive and telling work Miss Rose Hersee, as Arline, produced even a stronger impression than that previously created by her assumption of the Queen in the *Rose of Castile*. This young lady is not only a singer accomplished in many ways, but an actress of ability and still greater promise. Her performance, indeed, is of level excellence, and her execution of the music generally is so good that it seems invidious to single out for special record her delivery of the familiar ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (unanimously encored). As the Gipsy Queen, Miss Palmer, who had already earned favourable opinions as Donna Carmen, in the *Rose of Castile*, gave further proofs of competency. Although new to the London stage, this talented concert-contraalto has, if we are not mistaken, earned experience on the boards of our provincial theatres. At any rate, Miss Palmer is evidently at her ease, and able to impart to the characters she essays a certain dramatic significance. That she is an excellent musician it would be superfluous to add. Nothing can be better than her singing in the air, "Tis gone, the past was all a dream"—the only opportunity allowed her for solo display. The representative of Thaddeus at St. James's Theatre is Mr. Nordblom, a Swedish tenor, who has been heard in concerts at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere. One of the operatic company of Madame Parepa-Rosa, in the United States, Mr. Nordblom comes quite fresh to the English boards. On the whole he acquitted himself as Thaddeus with more than credit, and was frequently applauded, especially in the ballad, "When other lips and other hearts," the last verse of which he was compelled to repeat. The other characters in the *Bohemian Girl* are supported by Mr. Temple, from the Crystal Palace (a Devilshoof of the traditional stamp), Mr. Stanton (Florestein), and Mr. Maybrick (Count Arnheim).

About *Lucy of Lammermoor*, it will suffice to say that, Mr. Nordblom being indisposed, and, therefore, unable to do full justice to the music of Edgardo, while the parts of Henry Ashton, Arthur Bucklaw, Norman, and Alice, were undertaken by four inexperienced novices, the chief, if not, indeed, exclusive, interest of the performance centred in Madame Florence Lancia, a lady so well known to the London public that we may dispense with any description of her qualifications. Madame Lancia, not for the first time, showed herself a thoroughly practised artist, singing with ease and fluency, and acting with invariable intelligence. Whether the production of such hackneyed Italian works can in any way be serviceable to a new scheme for the re-establishment of English opera is matter for doubt. We are of opinion that it can in no way assist such an enterprise, and this for reasons as often urged as they have often more or less fruitlessly been disregarded.

Maritana was given on Saturday to perhaps the largest audience of the season. There was a good deal to praise, if no little to criticize, in the general performance. The "star" of the evening in Wallace's most popular work—as in the most popular work of his compatriot, Balfé—was Miss Rose Hersee, whose *Maritana* (another "gipsy") is quite as good as her Arline. Both favourite songs—"The harp in the air" and "Scenes that are brightest"—were given with genuine feeling, and both loudly applauded. Miss Palmer, as Lazarillo (originally sustained by Miss Poole), obtained the accustomed encore for "Alas! those chimes," at the commencement of Act II., Mr. George Perren, who entered heart and soul into the character of Don Cesar de Bazan, being similarly honoured in "Yes, let me like a soldier fall," and the more expressive "There is a flower that bloometh"—repeating, in each instance, the final verse. The part of Don José, in which Mr. H. Phillips and the late Mr. Weiss may still be remembered, devolved upon Mr. Temple. The opera seemed to please as much as of old—the applause during the performance, commencing with the overture, well played by the small but efficient orchestra under the direction of Mr. Sydney Naylor, being frequent and hearty.

Maritana was given again on Monday, and on Tuesday the *Son-nambula* was played, with Miss Rose Hersee as Amina. Among the promised novelties are Sir Julius Benedict's *A Year and a Day*, and Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*—the latter for the first time on the stage. These, no less than Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, will be looked forward to with pleasure. On the other hand, the limited resources of the establishment considered, we should be loth to encourage the management in bringing forward operas like *Dinorah* and *Der Freischütz*, both of which are named in the prospectus.

BOLOGNA.—The rehearsals of *Lohengrin* have begun, but the first performance will not take place before the end of the present month, because Mlle. Blume-Santer, who sustains the part of the heroine, Elsa, has accepted engagements which will prevent her being ready sooner.

THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

After a brief and enforced suspension of hostilities, the warfare between the theatres and the music-halls broke out afresh last week, the scene of the contest being the Clerkenwell Sessions House, and the result a new series of victories to the older institutions. The magistrates for the county of Middlesex have come to the help of the heroes of the sock and buskin. The potent, grave and reverend seigniors of the bench have practically allied themselves with the professors of the legitimate and illegitimate drama, to the total discomfiture of the powerful and popular rivals which votaries of histrionic art proper have so long been endeavouring to put down. The circumstances that have brought about this combination of forces, which are not generally supposed to have much in common, are somewhat singular, and may perhaps be open to some amount of adverse criticism. But the consequences are not the less disastrous to the defeated party, which has been driven from the field, leaving its rival in possession of all the honours and most of the spoils of the campaign.

It will be remembered that from time to time proceedings have been taken against music-hall proprietors for the infringement of an act of the present reign, by which the performance of stage plays without the licence of the Lord Chamberlain is prohibited within the parliamentary boundaries of the metropolis, and other places wherein the Sovereign shall occasionally reside. Elsewhere the licensing authority is given to not less than four justices assembled at a special session, subject only to a power of veto, exercisable by the chancellors and vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, over theatres situate within fourteen miles of our ancient Universities. Before musical entertainments of a certain order came into fashion, this enactment caused little inconvenience to anybody. Of late years, however, managers of music-halls have supplied or created a demand for entertainments at which the audience can enjoy such creature comforts as most pleasure-seeking Englishmen love, while listening to the vocal performances of "the Great Vance," and other artists of the same order. The consequence is, that, while theatre after theatre has been compelled to close its doors, the music-halls are continually crowded with well-paying, though possibly not over fastidious, auditors. In some cases, theatrical managers have tried to checkmate their opponents by giving a music-hall flavour to the pieces they put upon the stage, and the music-hall proprietors, in turn, have sought to make their establishments still more attractive by scenic and other accessories, until, in many instances, a spoken or acted drama became a regular feature in their programmes. The Theatres appealed to the law, and, after a series of costly struggles, obtained decisions in their favour, by which, as they hoped, their troublesome antagonists would be confined within their own domain, and restrained from further trespasses upon the dramatic manor.

It may be that it would have been well for both sides to have acquiesced in this division of the disputed territory. But the frequenters of the music-halls grumbled and stayed away when amusements to which they had grown accustomed were withdrawn, and the managers were not the men to sit down contented with their defeat. They held the magisterial licence for music, or for music and dancing, and they applied to the Lord Chamberlain for his sanction to their dramatic performances. That functionary, albeit particular enough as to the length of the ballet dancers' skirts, and other theatrical delinquencies, saw nothing wrong or irregular in their application, and so, for several months past, the Philharmonic at Islington, and some other places of the same kind, have been able to combine the attractions of a theatre and a music-hall in a single establishment. But their enjoyment of these advantages has been brief. The time for renewing their other licences came round, and the magistrates were duly apprised of what they had done. Their worships' dignity was touched and their tempers were ruffled by the audacity of their licensees. Had not these people been wont to come to them, cap in hand, and year by year, to ask their leave to keep their establishments open? Had they not been compelled to lie-ti, with bated breath, while the justices asked questions in their most severe and formal manner, the lessees all the while being painfully uncertain whether an irreverent look or hasty word might not involve the forfeiture of a privilege upon which the existence of a large establishment depended? Was it to be endured that such folk should go behind the magisterial back and get licensed by an officer whom they could not control, and by whom they were probably regarded with very qualified veneration? Certainly not. If the managers chose to leave themselves in their hands, their applications would be considered as of yore; but if they went to the Lord Chamberlain at all, they should go to him alone. In vain did one applicant urge that he had been licensed for five and twenty years without reproach or complaint, and in vain did counsel strive to convince the Bench that there was no impropriety in having the sanction of two competent authorities. The justices were inexorable, and the licences were refused.

We have no desire to reflect upon the exercise of magisterial discretion, in the course of what is undoubtedly a very anxious and difficult

duty, and therefore we refrain from present comment upon decisions by which licenses have been refused to particular persons because of proved improprieties. But it is hardly possible for the mind of an ordinary mortal to understand why men are to be punished for endeavouring to obey the law, as Mr. Morton and his fellow sufferers undoubtedly have been. The Legislature has vested different licensing powers in different bodies, to whom the music-hall proprietor is compelled, by the exigencies of his vocation, to apply. Till lately he had to go to the Exchequer for a licence to sell beer, as he still must if he wishes to deal in tobacco, and he was and is bound to ask the magistrates for his licence before he can venture to open his house for music and dancing. The authority of the justices over him is derived entirely from acts of the Legislature, none of which treat the holding of a licence from the Lord Chamberlain as an offence punishable by the confiscation of what may be the man's sole means of living. Acting under the influence of what looks very much like wounded *amour propre*, the justices have undertaken to supplement the action of the Imperial Parliament, and to invent a disqualification for which they can show no better authority than their own sweet wills. We have every respect for these gentlemen, but we cannot help thinking that by thus creating an offence which the law has not created, and inflicting a punishment which the law has not warranted, they have gone a long way beyond their proper province, and have laid themselves open to the reproach which must always attach to those who venture upon the arbitrary and vexatious exercise of functions which ought to be carefully confined within the limits which Parliament has prescribed.

MASSES AT THEATRE-CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Sacred music derives its sanctity primarily from its associations, and secondarily from its form of construction. All men are more or less influenced by it from one of these two causes, generally from the first. That this is so, may be inferred from the fact that men are not, as a rule, acted upon to the consideration of religious sentiments by any of the slow movements of Beethoven's or Mozart's quartets, although some of these at times reach the very highest order of religious expression, so far as devout feelings can find musical utterance. But the Gregorian form of music is a barbarism, only remarkable for its *unmeaningness* and its antiquity, to which, perhaps, I may add, the opportunities it affords for "howling."

My reason for troubling you with these remarks may be found in Mephisto Monk's otherwise excellent letter in your this week's impression. Strongly as M. M. may feel on the subject of desecration in introducing into the programme of a promenade concert the masses of the ancient church, he cannot be more opposed to it than am I, who have always held that the performance of oratorio selections under such conditions is wrong, and from its associations with an opera house (sadly perverted) is calculated to lower the standard of those sublime works in the estimation of the general public; for it need not be insisted that the proposition with which I commenced requires any proof.

Between the "howl" of a Gregorian chant and the feeling rendering of a "Qui tollis" by Haydn, there is indeed a difference; and while coinciding with Mephisto Monk as to the desirability of divorcing the church from the theatre, I cannot with him wish that such divorce should be attended with so sacrilegious a consequence as the introduction of Gregorian chants. These are not devotional. The rendering of them never seems to me to spring from religious feeling, and I am sure it is not calculated to excite a pious sentiment in the breast of a listener; while, on the contrary, the feeling delivery of a "Qui tollis" sometimes touches the most obdurate heart and excites it to holy aspirations. I have had considerable experience in church music, and have written to you before on this subject. Shouting and bellowing in church reminds one sometimes of costermonger's calls, and sometimes of music-hall effusions—the worst of associations; while the masses of Mozart can only carry our minds to the opera house.

It is quite true that Archbishop Manning is trying to introduce a description of mass-music unlike that of Haydn or Mozart, and I have myself seen several of the masses that have been written and arranged to meet his wishes, but I think his endeavour will end fruitlessly. His predecessor failed in something he tried to accomplish in connection with the church choirs, and I do not foresee that better fortune awaits the Archbishop.

Just now an attempt is being made to revive "English Opera." Let us hope that what we have had at the St. James's Theatre is not to convey an idea of what English Opera was, is, and is to be; else while Mephisto Monk may wish to see music and singing eliminated from the church, he may also be disposed to wish them banished from the English theatre.

I repeat, by all means prevent, if possible, the Ritual of the Catholic Church, and mangled portions of sacred oratorios, being introduced as a "draw" at promenade concerts; but in the name of all that is holy, let it not be attended with the sad consequence of the general introduction into churches of Gregorian music, which is as antique, barbarous, and mouldy as is the name of your correspondent,

Fungus Marsh, Oct. 7th.

MILDEW MUSTY.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concerts now going on at the Crystal Palace are so interesting, that each calls for at least a passing notice. How large a share in the programme is devoted to the music of Mendelssohn our readers already know. Proceeding, in accordance with the plan we have described, as nearly as possible in chronological order, Mr. Manns included the subjoined compositions by Mendelssohn in the concert of Saturday afternoon, which was attended by a much more numerous audience than the first:—

Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream" (1826)	Mendelssohn.
"Three Fantasias" (Op. 16) for Pianoforte Solo (1829)	Mendelssohn.
The Reformation Symphony (1839)	Mendelssohn.
Rondo Brillante in E flat (Op. 29), Piano and Orchestra (1834)	Mendelssohn.

About the most important of these pieces we need say little or nothing. How *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, earliest of the four "concert-overtures"—"programme overtures," as the composer himself, with Beethoven's example before him, did not object to their being styled,—is played by the orchestra directed with such enthusiasm by Mr. Manns, those are best aware who are constant visitors to the Crystal Palace on the most purely "musical Saturdays" of the year. The symphony in D, entitled *The Reformation Symphony*, which has now definitely taken its stand among the greatest, most characteristic and masterly of the earlier works of Mendelssohn, was received with the usual warmth; and, as usual, the *scherzo* was encored enthusiastically. Without being hypercritical, we take leave to suggest that this charming movement, being marked "*Allegro vivace*," should be taken somewhat quicker than Mr. Manns is in the habit of taking it. The same criticism may apply with equal justice to the first *allegro con fuoco*, and to the *finale*, each of which would manifestly gain by a slight augmentation of speed. In all other respects the performance was superb.

With what neatness and precision Miss Agnes Zimmermann executes the *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, successor and legitimate companion of the *Copriccio Brillante* in B minor (played by Miss Kate Roberts at the concert of Saturday week) has been more than once shown, and never more successfully than at the recent Gloucester Festival. On the present occasion Miss Zimmermann played the *Rondo* in the same manner, with the same spirit and the same success. The three fantasias for pianoforte alone were the more welcome, inasmuch as they are so rarely heard in public. The *Scherzo*, No. 2, was last publicly introduced by Madame Schumann, at the Crystal Palace, in response to an "encore" for some other piece of Mendelssohn's. The *Andante* No. 3—for 40 years known in England as *The Rivulet*—was last produced by Madame Arabella Goddard, at one of her "Recitals." The idea of playing the three in uninterrupted succession, was creditable to Miss Zimmermann—also well advised in putting No. 3, "*The Rivulet*," before No. 2, the *Scherzo*. The first-named is an *andante*, the last a *presto*; and, when the three pieces, which have no real connection with each other, are thus performed, the *presto*, of course, makes the most effective ending.

The vocal music at this concert was intrusted to Madame Cora de Wilhorst, who sang "*A come rapida*" (Meyerbeer), and the "*Carnival de Venise*" (Victor Masse), and M. Napoléon Verger, the French baritone, who selected "*Di Provenza*," the lachrymose address of Germont the elder to Violetta in the *Traviata*, together with two airs from *Don Giovanni*—"Deh vieni alla finestra" (the serenade), and "*Finch' han dal vino*."

The last piece in the programme was Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, composed for the Jubilee of the Philharmonic Society (1862), and entitled "*fantasia-overture*"—why, we could never understand, seeing that it is one of the most symmetrical pieces in its way of which modern art can boast. On no occasion has this thoroughly beautiful and as thoroughly original composition been performed with more accuracy, point, and nice observance of light and shade; nor has it ever been listened to with more attention, or received with warmer applause. The great majority of the audience remained to hear the English overture, and were well rewarded. Though coming at the end of a selection from Mendelssohn, every item in which was of sterling worth, *Paradise and the Peri* sufficed to prove that the work of an English composer might be placed in such a position without danger of "anticlimax."

The pieces of Mendelssohn announced for the third concert (to-day) are the first pianoforte concerto, some piano solos (pianist, Herr Paner) and the two versions of the overture known variously as *Die Hebriden*, *Fingal's*

Höhle, and (in England) *The Isles of Fingal*. Completed in 1830, this overture, two years later, was re-written and greatly modified by the fastidious musician. The opportunity of comparing the two versions cannot fail to be interesting. These Mendelssohn's programmes, in fact, could hardly be more happily devised.

ORGAN NEWS.

On Thursday the congregation of St. Stephen's, Brighton, had a very enjoyable Organ Recital. A new organ, built by Messrs. Brindley and Foster, of Sheffield, has just been placed in the church, and in order that the congregation might judge of its qualities, Mr. E. H. Turpin, organist of St. George's, Bloomsbury, was engaged to play a selection of music upon it.

The organ consists of two complete manuals, C C to G, and independent pedal organ.

GREAT ORGAN.			
FEET.	PIPES.	FEET.	PIPES.
1. 8 Open Diapason	56	5. 4 Lieblich Flûte	56
2. 8 Rohr Gedact ..	56	6. 3 Twelfth	56
3. 8 Salcional	56	7. 2 Fifteenth	56
4. 4 Principal	56	8. 8 Clarionet	44
SWELL ORGAN.			
9. 16 Lieblich Bourdon	56	14. 4 Celestina	56
10. 8 Violin Diapason	56	15. 2 Fifteenth	56
11. 8 Gedact	56	16. Mixture, II ranks	112
12. 8 Vox Angelica	56	17. 8 Horn	56
13. 4 Principal	56	18. 8 Oboe	56
PEDAL ORGAN—CCC TO E.			
19. 16 Open Diapason metal ...	29	21. 8 Bass Flute, wood	29
20. 16 Bourdon, wood	29		

COUPLERS.

22. Swell to Great. 23. Swell to Pedal. 24. Great to Pedal.
Three Composition Pedals to Great and Two to Swell.

Mr. Turpin's programme was as follows:—

Overture, "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; Aria, "With verdure clad," Haydn; Overture Pastorale for Organ, E. H. Turpin; Pilgrim's March, Mendelssohn; Benedictus, Mozart; Prelude and Fugue, in G, J. S. Bach; Duet and Aria, "Stabat Mater," Rossini; Motett, "Hear my Prayer," Mendelssohn; Andante and Allegro—Organ Concerto, No. 5, Handel; Introduction, Air, and Chorus, "Mount of Olives," Beethoven; Larghetto—4th Organ Sonata, Mendelssohn; Chorus, "We never will bow down," Handel.

A remarkably large and influential congregation heard the programme to the end, very few leaving between the parts. Mr. Turpin is well-known in the musical world, and his organ playing has a high repute. Suffice it, therefore, to say here that the attention and evident pleasure with which he was listened to by the congregation could not but be gratifying to any professor or organist, however eminent. A musical correspondent, who has had ample means of becoming conversant with the new organ, thus writes his opinion:—"The tone of the new organ is of rare beauty and variety. The swell is one of the finest we have heard, giving every shade of expression and crescendo from the remote and delicate notes of the Vox Angelica stop to the surging sound of the full swell. The solo and diapason stops of the Great Organ are of beautiful quality, and all mix well together, notwithstanding the perfectly distinct qualities of tone. The reed stops are characterized by great richness and smoothness, and the full organ is bright and powerful. The pedal organ stops are very effective, and the soft stops of this part of the instrument are excellent. The mechanism and finish, touch, and draw stop action, are most perfect. Messrs. Brindley and Foster are well known for their good workmanship, for the beauty and roundness of tone of both flue pipe stops and reed stops. Their Vox Angelica and one or two other stops are of most characteristic and perfect quality."

WIESBADEN.—A new comic opera, *Morgiane*, by Herr Richard Scholz, was successfully produced on the 25th ult. The book is founded on the well-known story of *Ali Baba*. The composer was called on at the fall of the curtain—though, certainly, there is not much in that.

PRESBURG.—The Association for Church Music is again in full swing. Herr R. Volkmann's overture to *Richard III.* and Beethoven's A major Symphony are announced for the next concert. The Abbate Franz Liszt's *Graner Mass* is being got up for the St. Cecilia Festival. —Herr Mayerberger, the organist at the Cathedral, has completed the second act of his opera, entitled *Melusine*. He is now composing, for the management of the Theatre Royal, Munich, an overture and interludes to *Yrsa*, a tragedy by Oehlenschläger, which has been translated by Herr Heinburg.

DEATH.

On September 30th, at St. Leonards, Blackrock, Dublin, the residence of her father, HENRY BUSSELL, Esq., GEORGINA ELIZABETH, the beloved wife of the Rev. A. Percival Doherty.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NAUDIN AND BETTINI.—*Arcades ambo.*

DYER VANE HOLTZ POND.—Certainly Méhul wrote an opera called *Adrien* (the overture to which is very fine); but *Adrien* has no more to do with *Adrienne Lecouvreur* than Field Marshal Cambridge with *Manon L'Escout*. Mr. Dyer Vane Holtz Pond must have forgotten two periphrasis. Because Beethoven was not altogether understood at the beginning, that is no reason why the late Blewett should have been a genius.

ANTEATER.—Sir Michael Costa was first appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts in 1846, of the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1848, and of the Birmingham Festival in 1849. He also conducted the Bradford Festivals of 1853, 1856, and 1859, but not the Leeds Festival of 1858, which last was conducted by Sir William Sterndale Bennett.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

MUSIC AT THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THIS is an age of Congresses. Whenever a man starts a hobby, he says to as many other men as will listen to him—"Come, let us assemble ourselves together; let us divide into sections; let us talk." Having assembled, and divided, that man and the other men talk; which is generally the end-all of the affair. What floods of talk have just been, and are still being, let loose upon the unoffending readers of public journals—talk about the Contagious Diseases Act, Church Polity, Music, and Manure, with a host of other incongruous things. Is anybody the better for it? Yes, the talkers feel relieved. They have taken a canter on their favourite hobbies in the sight of men, and are content with the exhibition. If the truth were known, we daresay it would be found that Mrs. Josephine Butler, who held forth the other day on legislative interference with prostitution, is satisfied. Far be it from us, therefore, to interfere with the innocent pleasures of talk. Nobody need peruse the reports of what the talkers say; and amid the bushels of chaff vomited, it is just possible that keen eyes may detect, and ready hands appropriate, a grain of wheat.

But the word Congress is an imposing one; and when to it we find allied such other words as "Social Science," the whole has an undeniable effect. Everybody knows the typical lady who found comfort at church in the word "Mesopotamia." We are all more or less like that simple female; and yield homage to sound, as distinct from sense. Hence there is need to put the more impressionable among us on their guard against attaching consequence to what is said by the talkers who meet under the auspices of grandly named societies. Especially should this be done here, now that some of them have taken music for their theme. Dr. Spark, of Leeds, is among the musical "prophets." We would speak with all kindness of Dr. Spark. He is a hard-working musician, who has fought his way from the ranks, and who uses the position he has won for the good of the people about him. But Dr. Spark in the organ-loft of the Leeds Town Hall, and the same gentleman in the rostrum

of the Social Science Congress, are so different, that we could wish the one were not the other. Upon the practical organist and musical editor there seems to have fallen the spirit of Congresses—the spirit of twaddle; the doctor caught the prevailing epidemic of the place—*Que diable va-t-il dans cette galère!*—and we will show the result.

Dr. Spark's theme at the Social Science Congress was "Vocal Music a necessary Branch of Education," which thesis, among professors of social science, must be equivalent to saying that when two things are equal to the same thing, they are equal to one another. The Doctor led off with the cuckoo cry that we English are far behind other nations in musical culture, and then entered upon the utterly superfluous work of asserting the claims of music. Further, he accused us of degeneracy, and hurled at our heads the musical culture of the Elizabethan age. A thrust at grammar-schools followed; after which Dr. Spark jumped across the Atlantic to show how the children there can sing "at first sight;" how generals discourse (at Congresses) on composers; and business men are good enough to dwell on the "high personal character" of Mendelssohn. From America the Doctor took his hearers to Germany, and pointed out a number of schoolboys singing as they marched to the accompaniment of a concertina (!). Then he harked back to England, gave our music-halls a kick; and finally demanded Government aid for the teaching of singing in primary schools. This was the gist of the paper; and it takes one page and a quarter out of nine in the printed copy. Now, we do not say either that Dr. Spark was wrong in his facts, or mistaken in his opinions and recommendations; but we must be allowed to ask whether ill-digested and rambling remarks are likely to do any good, though uttered under the auspices of Social Science. Has Dr. Spark advanced the cause of music an inch by his string of truisms? We opine not. The matter stands where it did; and the Social Science Congress has merely cumbered the approaches to it with words. In like manner these annual gabblings treat most other things which they pretend to elucidate.

CONCERT.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave a concert last Monday, October 9th, at the Holy Trinity School Rooms, Tulse Hall, which attracted all the elite of the neighbourhood. Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Wallace Wells and Signor Bellini were the vocalists. Mrs. John Macfarren's playing of Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, Weber's Moto Continuo, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Brissac's Butterfly, and Scottish Fantasia, &c., were warmly appreciated. Miss Marion Severn and Mr. Wallace Wells gave Balfe's duet, "The sailor sighs." Miss Marion Severn was encored in Smart's "Lady of the Lea." Miss Jessie Royd received the same compliment for Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Beating of my heart," and acknowledged it by singing a song by Glover. Signor Bellini was recalled to the platform after the *aria buffa*, "I miei rampolli," and the concert concluded with a spirited performance of the spinning quartet from *Martha*.

VIENNA.—A new project was commenced on Sunday, the 8th inst., at the rooms of the Musical Union, namely: a series of concerts to be called the "Concerts Populaires," and to be given on Sundays and other public holidays. The programme of these concerts will be divided into two parts. Part I. will comprise instrumental and vocal solos (for which "stars" will be engaged); orchestral compositions; and compositions for orchestra and chorus. Part II. will be exclusively devoted to light music, executed by Herr Strauss's band. After the 15th December, the usual promenade concerts will be resumed.—A conference was held, a short time since, to settle the statutes, regulations, bye-laws, &c., of the Wagner Association, established to assist in promoting the performance at Bayreuth, in 1873, of Herr R. Wagner's *Bühnenfestspiel*, or "stage-festival-play," *Der Ring der Nibelungen*. It is nearly certain that Herr Wagner will shortly conduct two grand concerts here.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The last week of the season—which ends to-night with a specially attractive entertainment for the benefit of M. Rivière—has been marked by unflinching activity, and a degree of success such as shows that the public have by no means had enough. Half the programme of Tuesday was devoted to a selection from the works of Verdi, but nearly all the pieces chosen are familiar, and we need not dwell upon what was done. On Wednesday, Beethoven supplied the main attraction, a number of his works being heard by one of the most crowded audiences ever assembled within the "Garden" walls. The overture to *Fidelio* (No. 4) led off, and was played with a degree of spirit and precision highly creditable to the executants. Following it came *Adelaide*, pleasantly sung by Mr. E. Lloyd, and the *Emperor* concerto, which tested to their fullest extent both the manipulative and mental powers of Mlle. Carreno. This young lady's performance was heard with the greatest attention; and it is no small proof of her ability that, after being applauded at the close of each movement, she was finally recalled amid unanimous and hearty tokens of gratification. Mlle. Liebhart then sang the air of Marcellina in *Fidelio*, with her accustomed acceptance; Mr. Viotti Collins played the violin romance in G (having previously given that in F) with much taste; and, lastly, the symphony in F (No. 8) was performed in most creditable style. Sir Julius Benedict conducted, and to his exertions much of the success achieved must be attributed. Last night was in part devoted to Handel and Spohr.

Mr. Edward Murray, so long honourably associated as acting manager with these concerts, has had the special privilege accorded him of an Extra Night, which will be identified with his personal interest. Notwithstanding the frequent opportunities which Mr. Edward Murray has had of receiving in this form some acknowledgment of his valuable services as a most experienced and most trustworthy Acting Manager, this is the first time he has ever availed himself of the offer. The zeal and courtesy with which he has discharged very responsible duties are generally known, and we are glad to hear that his benefit is likely to be the most attractive night of the season. It will take place on Monday next.

MR. SIMS REEVES IN GLASGOW.

Speaking of a recital of *Lucia* given at the Saturday Evening Concerts, the *Daily Mail* says:—

"With tenors the opera has been a favourite. Signor Ginglini played *Edgar* here nine years ago, and Herr Wachtel's too forcible rendering of the music will be fresh in the memory of our readers. It was reserved for an English tenor, however, to make the part peculiarly his own, and as far as the music goes no one has made a more profound impression in it than Mr. Sims Reeves. He was in excellent voice last night, and the closing scene of the last act proved as touching as ever. Several of the choruses were very nicely sung, but, on the whole, the choral singing was not equal to that heard at the performance of *Norma* last season. The 6-8 time movement following the malediction scene started much too slowly, and Mr. Reeves, who had declaimed the introduction splendidly, added to the passion of the situation by his visible and audible efforts to help the chorus forward."

The *Daily Herald* has the following:—

"On Saturday night the City Hall was once more crowded to excess. Mr. Reeves was again in superb voice. He created the same grand effects, and was awarded the enthusiastic greeting so identified with all his performances. His first song was Blumenthal's 'Message,' his next, 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose,' which received applause so long continued as to induce him to sing, in his usual unapproachable style, 'My Pretty Jane.' At the end of Dibdin's 'Tom Bowling' the ovation the popular tenor received was even more enthusiastic than that awarded him on the previous Saturday evening. Such ringing, deafening cheers are but rarely heard. The audience rose *en masse* to give him a parting salute, in the shape of yet more cheers, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The rest of the programme was well sustained by Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Jessie Blair, and Mr. Connell. These three also received much applause."

LEIPZIG.—The new Society of German Dramatic Authors and Composers commenced active operations on the 1st inst. Dr. Roderich Benedix is chairman; Dr. Oswald Marbach, secretary; Professor Carl Riedel, treasurer, and Herr Franz Deutschinger, director. The last named gentleman has earned a very high reputation by his efforts for the amelioration of dramatic affairs in Germany; he has, also, founded a school for actors here. One of his duties will be to edit a new weekly paper: *Die Neue Zeit*, which will be the official organ of the Society.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Fidelio has been given at the Paris Italian opera, but never at the Académie, where ballet is indispensable. Herr Wagner had to make ballet for his *Tannhäuser*;—but who could put ballet into *Fidelio*? Perhaps they might take some of the *Prometheus* music, and make the prisoners, in their outing, dance a dance, instead of sing a chorus. (This in reply to an old contributor.)

THE following very sensible remarks are addressed by a correspondent to the *Builder*:—

"I am not a 'musician' in the professional sense, but an architect; circumstances and taste have led me, however, to have more to do with music and musicians than, perhaps, the majority of architects have. My object in writing was to urge the fallacy of the very common idea amongst architects and engineers, that very resonant or sound-reflecting materials are the best for a music-room in all cases; and to show that this depends on circumstances—the size of the room and other matters. I also wish to draw attention to the fact that music is an essentially different thing from acoustics; and that people who are well versed in the science of acoustics are not necessarily the best judges as to whether a room is suitable for music or not. An 'acoustician' (if I may use the term) listening to one of Beethoven's symphonies in a large concert-hall would be very well able to judge whether there were an echo or not, whether he heard the sounds more loudly in one part of the hall than another, &c.; but unless he were also something of a musician, he would not know whether he heard all the music as it ought to be heard, or what delicacies of detail might have been lost without his being aware of it. And (curious as it may seem) it is comparatively seldom that musical and acoustic knowledge are found combined; the very temperament which leads a man to take delight in the art of music is just that which would tend to give him a natural distaste for the dry science of sound. And, therefore, when scientific men are ready to vouch for this or that big concert-hall being an admirable place for 'sound,' architects had better not take their word for it on the ground of their scientific knowledge: let them ask a man who understands 'music' whether he hears his favourite works there as he wishes to hear them; that is a better test."

The advocates of Albert Hall in its musical capacity might do worse than read and ponder the above. It cannot too often or emphatically be insisted on that the science of acoustics and the art of music are distinct matters. In all probability, Mozart and Beethoven knew very little more about the former than professor Tyndal and Colonel Scott know about the latter.

On August 31st a new chancel, which has just been built to the parish church of Windermere, was consecrated by Dr. Goodwin, the bishop of Carlisle; and on the same occasion a new organ of two manuals, by Wadsworth, of Manchester, was successfully inaugurated by Dr. Spark, of Leeds. The bishop preached to a large congregation, and took his text from *Luke* xiv., v. 23—"Compel them to come in that my house may be filled." In the course of his remarks the preacher said:—

"There is just one other point connected with the service to which I think it may be well to call your attention. It is that in which the clergyman has much less to do, and in which the people can take part to their heart's content—the musical portion. Do not think that I insist too much upon the externals of musical accompaniments to the service when I argue for the value of good music. I cannot enter upon the question now, but I must say that the service of the Church of England is essentially a musical service, that the Book of Common Prayer is essentially a musical book, and that if we reduce the glorious service which the Reformation provided us to the bare, cold, unmusical skeleton to which it has sometimes been reduced, we do an injustice to the Prayer Book, to the Reformation, and to those of our brethren who are only too willing to make excuse. Do not let us allow all the fascinations of song to be monopolized by the world, the flesh, and the devil. I recommend nothing beyond the bounds of good taste and sound judgment. But I do believe that of all the compulsions that can be brought to bear upon those who are inclined to make excuses, the compulsion of a musical hearty service is among the most successful."

THE reported engagement of Mlle. Sessi at the Grand Opera is not yet confirmed.

ROME.—A new theatre will shortly be erected on the site formerly occupied by the old Teatro Aliberti. It is to be called the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele. It will have a glass roof, and be adapted either for performances in the daytime or at night.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Wagner, Trumpet-Major of the Royal Regiment of Saxon Guards, has just started with all his troop of subordinate trumpeters for Holland, where he intends giving a series of concerts during the whole of this month.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

In common with many others, I sincerely trust that English Opera will flourish in this country. I look forward to the time when our best English composers will write for the stage, and when we shall be able to produce a work worthy of English musical art and of England; but I was scarcely sufficiently sanguine to believe the Thames is to be set on fire with an augmented Crystal Palace Company. I mean, I do not think we shall be much nearer the foundation of National Opera, as an institution, with only the assistance of the young and clever company which has been brought to the St. James's Theatre. But we shall see. Miss Rose Hersee is quite pretty enough, acts quite well enough, and sings sufficiently sweetly, to make a conspicuous mark. She has returned from America wonderfully improved, and she will have hosts of admirers. Mr. Nordblom is a musician, and has a good voice. Miss Palmer is one of the most useful artists in the company; and such singers as Madame Florence Lancia and Miss Cole are promised. But we want something new and startling. The public does not care about *The Rose of Castile*, with Mr. George Perren as the Muleter, and with subordinates who are anything but efficient. The public will go, as it went to the Crystal Palace; but English Opera will be no nearer taking root than it was years ago, when Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne ruined themselves over it. Some of the principals are unexceptionable; but band, chorus, the subordinate singers, the scenery, and many other things, must be improved before any one can prophesy a success for the plucky undertaking. More attention must be paid to rehearsals, and an attempt made to make the operas go smartly, at any rate. *The Bohemian Girl* was certainly an improvement on *The Rose of Castile*, with which the theatre opened. This was hardly an average performance. It was not a good dress rehearsal. One and all suffered from lamentable nervousness, or else the opera was not ready to be produced. There will be terribly hard work in store for the company, for the operas are changed several times a week, and an extra performance is given on Wednesday mornings.—*Figaro*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The second concert of the autumn season took place last Saturday, when, in accordance with the plan alluded to in a previous notice, the programme included several of Mendelssohn's instrumental works. It has been cleverly remarked that "the best years of Mendelssohn's life comprised them all." For this reason it cannot be divided into phases, nor even into periods, except such as a review of his works in chronological order may suggest. The directors of the Crystal Palace seem to be aware of this, and have confined themselves to the task of presenting a certain number of Mendelssohn's works in the order in which they were written, without citing them as proofs of his growth in intellectuality or of any alteration in his style of writing as he emerged from boyhood to youth, or from youth to manhood. Had such an idea entered into the directors' scheme, its fallacy would have been apparent at the onset, for at the first concert last Saturday week, one at least of the works brought forward would have satisfied any careful analyst that the law of progress was in abeyance so far as Mendelssohn's genius was concerned, and that his inspiration was as vivid in early life as at a later period, and even his knowledge seems to have been a gift rather than the result of labour and study, enabling him to write with the expression usually acquired by age, whilst a mere stripling in years. In fact, no gradual mental development can be shown by a reference to his works, not even increasing power in the art of composition. Unlike Beethoven, Mendelssohn never strove after the impossible, but was content to give form and order to those beautiful ideas which seemed to flow as naturally from his mind as words from the lips of a gifted orator. It is vain to attempt to classify these ideas, or connect them with certain epochs of his life. From any one good collection of his works, representing a certain number of years, as comprehensive a view of his talents can be obtained as from any number of collections which could be formed.—*Standard*.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the seventy-sixth Quarterly Meeting, held at the Norfolk Street offices, on the 9th inst., Viscount Ranelagh in the Chair, the Report presented gives the quarterly receipts as 89,843*l.*, the annual receipts as 136,014*l.*, and the grand total to Michaelmas as 1,719,473*l.*, the total withdrawals since the formation of the society in 1852 being 441,694*l.* The No. of the last (50*l.*) share issued to Michaelmas was No. 36,472. The Reserve or Surplus Fund stands at 10,500*l.* The rate of interest remains at 5 per cent. per annum on shares, and 4 per cent. on deposits. The Report was unanimously adopted, and Messrs. W. H. Clemow and J. Goad elected as auditors to audit the past year's accounts on behalf of the shareholders; Messrs. T. Russell and N. Winstanley having been nominated auditors on behalf of the Board. The Secretary (Mr. C. L. Grunisen) was absent for the first time in twenty years from the meeting, owing to a severe fall in the *Mechanics' Institution*, at Leeds, where he was present as a member of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in order to take part in the discussion as to increased facilities for the cheap and prompt transfer of land among the working classes, thus carrying out more thoroughly the principle of benefit building societies. Mr. Grunisen having recently given evidence on the subject of building societies and land companies before the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies.

PROVINCIAL.

WINCHESTER.—The opening of the 37th Lecture Session of the *Mechanics' Institute*, on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, was a decided success, and the noble room at St. John's House has seldom been better filled. Mrs. John Macfarren opened the entertainment, assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond and Miss Lucie Hann, who both acquitted themselves with great credit. Mrs. Macfarren's execution of some difficult pianoforte pieces was perfect, and deserved the applause which she received. The whole entertainment reflected credit on the artists, who used their utmost endeavours to delight the numerous party assembled.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Harborne Literary Club have given the first of the series of entertainments this season in the York Street Rooms. Among those who assisted was Madame Sydney Pratten, of whose performance the *Morning News* remarks that:—

"It is so seldom an opportunity is afforded of hearing a solo on the guitar, and still more seldom of hearing one well played, that a great treat was enjoyed by the audience when Madame Sydney Pratten kindly obliged by playing two solos. Those who have heard amateurs or ordinary players on this instrument can but faintly understand how, in the hands of Madame Pratten, it is made to speak, now in loud and tempestuous accents, and anon in sounds so sweet and low as to be indeed the sighing of sweet sounds. Madame Pratten and her pupil, Mr. Thrupp, jun., also played a duet on the guitar. Madame Pratten's kindness was warmly acknowledged by the committee.

DUBLIN.—The feast of "Holy Rosary" was celebrated in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar Street. The music, under the direction of Signor Cellini, the organist of the church, was rendered in the most efficient manner by some of the members of the Italian Opera Company. Mdlle. di Mureka sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" (accompanied by Mr. Healy, violin) most exquisitely. Mdlle. Fernandez, Mdlle. Colombo, Signors Bentham, Vizzani, Caravoglia, Rinaldini, and others also kindly gave their services.

MALLOW.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given at Mallow, county of Cork, under the superintendence of William R. Atkins, Esq., on Monday last, when several distinguished musical amateurs performed a charming selection of music. Mr. W. R. Atkins was the conductor. The room was crowded with the *élite* of the neighbouring gentry, as well as all the officers quartered in and about Mallow and Cork.

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REVIEWS.

The King and the Beggar Maid. Ballad sung in *Rebecca* at Drury Lane Theatre. Arranged and partly composed by W. C. LEVEY. [London: Craner, Wood, & Co.]

The words of this song are by the author of *Rebecca*, possess the true flavour of antiquity, and thoroughly besem the fine old English air which Mr. Levey has wedded to them. That the piece will not only survive the run of the drama, but become extensively popular, we see no reason to doubt.

Nellie. Song. Words and music by Mrs. WILLIAM RUSSELL. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

The verses of this simple ditty contain the reproaches of a lover to his faithless mistress, and are well written—above the average. Mrs. Russell has invented a pretty tune, which, accompanied in the most unobtrusive way, cannot fail to please. The almost comical pathos of the refrain will attract attention at once.

Révérie pour le Pianoforte, par E. NOLLET. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This piece leads off with a moderato in G major, 6-8 time, of a somewhat restless character; which is succeeded, after a brief arpeggio, by a more stately episode in B major. Finally, the original subject returns in the original key, and with the same method of treatment. The merit of the whole is considerable from a strictly musical point of view, while there are several important features which make it useful as a teaching piece.

At the Spring. Song. Words from Cassell's Magazine. Music by Arthur W. Nicholson. [London: J. Williams.]

A LITTLE story is told here. First an allegretto in F major reveals a maiden "at the Spring," pensively thinking of her lover, whom she deems faithless. Next, a Recitative exclaims "Hark! her ear has caught a sound," whereupon an allegro tells how the sound was that of the lover's coming; and how his coming made the maiden happy. Save for an accompaniment slightly overburdened with chromatic progressions, the song is well and cleverly written. It shows a faculty of expression and a knowledge of effect much above the average.

AN AMERICAN ON THE BONN FESTIVAL.

Come with me to Bonn on the Rhine. Beethoven was born here one hundred and one years ago, and if it had not been for the recent war, we should now be one year too late for something interesting. As it is, there is in progress a musical festival in honour of Beethoven. A chorus of three hundred, an orchestra of one hundred and ten, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller as conductor, Joachim for the violin concerto, Charles Hallé for the pianoforte concertos, Madame Joachim, Madame Otto-Alvleben, Herr Vogl and Herr Schulze as solo singers—all are giving heart, soul and voice to make the occasion worthy if possible of the memory of glorious old Beethoven.

On Friday evening (Aug. 18), Saturday morning and Saturday evening, there are full rehearsals, and on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, grand concerts, besides two additional rehearsals on the Monday and Tuesday mornings. On Wednesday, to finish, there is a concert of chamber music, with Joachim and Grützmacher in the string quartette, and Hiller at the pianoforte, in a sonata for piano and violoncello.

A pleasant hall, holding at each rehearsal and concert say two thousand persons, has been erected for the occasion. The necessary accompaniment of a German gathering—i.e. restaurant for beer, etc.—is also quite at hand. The hotels are filled with strangers, and the town wears a holiday dress. Late each night there is a pleasant gathering at the Lese-Gesellschaft of the artists engaged or interested in the fest, where there is a deal of smoking, drinking, talking, and eating! Are the musical performances good? Yes, magnificent! The orchestra plays with a precision and a quick perception of Dr. Hiller's intention that is something wonderful to see and hear. The ninth Sinfonie, the Eroica, the Fifth, all go like the stern march of fate. There is never a hitch nor a blemish that ought to be counted in the grand and beautiful *tout ensemble*.

When Mr. Hallé's performance of the choral fantasia comes on it is discovered that one public rehearsal of the piece is insufficient to produce a very satisfactory result; and again, when under a similar arrangement Mr. Hallé plays the E flat concerto, the poor man is only sympathized with from all quarters on account of the bad accompaniment to his own most cultivated and beautiful play. Madame Joachim sings "Ah Perfido" in so beautiful and soulful a manner, that a large transposition of the song is entirely forgiven, and the house is in an uproar of applause for five minutes. Of course the *whole* of the violin concerto, as played by Joachim, is simply perfect, and will not bear writing or even talking about; for to convey the fact that he *did* play the piece is sufficient.

Let us look at two or three interesting faces in the audience. There is Sir Sterndale Bennett, from London. What a pity that he should write so little and teach so much. He introduces you to his son and his son-in-law. Pooh! What do we care about his sons? Why hasn't he more like the overture to the *Naiads* or the concerto in F? Who is that bright, cheery, red-faced man? Of course you would not know him; he stays too much at home in Copenhagen; but here he is, and thankful enough are we to see Niels Gade, who has given us such great pleasure through his C minor sinfonie, and the overtures to *Ossian*, *Highlands*, etc. There is Carl Reinecke, too. If there are jealousies between the musicians of Leipzig and the Rhine they are now forgotten for Beethoven's sake.

There is Mr. Stewart, from Dublin, who composed a very effective cantata for the last Birmingham fest. Then there is Mr. Grove. Hardly a man in England has done so much for the cause of music as this same Mr. Grove, of the Crystal Palace.

We try to look about the hall for others; but how can one keep his eyes from Joachim? (If so-called "musicians of the future," there seem to be few or none. Joachim Baff is here, but it is rather a miserable present that he represents, even if he was a protégé of Schumann. The fest is not quite over until we enjoy the excursion upon the Rhine. It is all right and charming, and everything does not hinge upon the purchase of a concert ticket and the definite performance of the concert programme. There is always "up" some kindly fraternal occasion. Let us go out to Schumann's grave. Many another has been before us—for see the wreaths and freshly placed flowers! Shall we go to the house where Beethoven was born? Don't laugh! We'll go to both and choose for ourselves, although it is a little perplexing to stand before a quaint old house in the Rhine-gasse and read a handsome inscription upon the same, to the effect that here Beethoven was born, and to go to the Bonngasse and there find a similar tablet and inscription upon a second house! Never mind. Beethoven was *born*, thank God, and whether here or there makes little difference, so he gave us the *Missa Solemnis*, and the whole world knows what else. Yes; it was droll that in 1845, when his statue here in the Münster Platz was first uncovered, the back of the old man should be found to be squarely turned towards Queen Victoria and other royal personages present. It certainly was characteristic, if it was not polite, and who more than Beethoven ever had a better right? The Bonn Fest in honour of

the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been a genuine success throughout, many thanks to Ferdinand Hiller and his able associates. Wasn't it pleasant to see a dozen Boston faces in the crowded audience? B. J. L.—*Boston Transcript*.

MUSIC FOR THE BLIND.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Will you allow me through your columns to give publicity to a movement the object of which is the higher education of the blind, with the special aim of enabling the more talented among them to earn their own living? Many excellent institutions exist in different parts of the country for teaching the blind to work at trades, and for disposing of the produce of their labour; but the employment which is at the same time most congenial and most remunerative has never yet been properly followed out in England. I allude to music in its three branches—teaching, tuning, and organ-playing. The proof of my assertion that music is the most remunerative employment of which the blind are capable is summed up, as regards tuning, in the following observation, published 12 years ago by M. Guadet, Chef de l'Enseignement à l'Institution Impériale des Jeunes Aveugles, Paris:—

"Whenever an art or trade is of such a nature that the blind can follow it on equal terms with the seeing, or, in other words, that there is a peculiarity in it which causes a disappearance of the inequality generally existing between them, this art or trade is especially well suited to the blind, and it is our duty to teach it with as little delay as possible. Now in pianoforte-tuning the blind are not inferior to the seeing, but, on the contrary, possess certain advantages over them; we must, therefore, train tuners. There is no fear of the demand ceasing, therefore we must train as many tuners as circumstances will permit."

Subsequent experience in the Paris School has only confirmed the opinion here expressed. More attention is paid every year in Paris to tuning as an employment for the blind, till at the present time about 3) per cent. of all the male pupils obtain their certificates as tuners, and of these all succeed in maintaining themselves fully; their earnings being, as far as I have been able to ascertain, from £80 to £250 a year. Five of the old pupils of the institution have become piano manufacturers, and are doing well. The experience of the New World is the same as that of the old. In the report of the Perkins Institution, Boston, United States, the following passage occurs:—

"The teaching of music and playing is now the largest single field open to the blind as a means of support, and it seems to be growing larger. People are becoming more disposed to employ them, and as they go forth from the school they have more and more ground of hope that they will find opportunities to earn their living in this way."

Here the education of the blind to become teachers of the piano is specially attended to, although the training of tuners and organists is also well carried out. The result is stated to be that about 40 per cent. of both sexes are able to support themselves in comfort, some making incomes of £400 or £500 a-year. I may remark that both in Paris and Boston the blind succeed as musicians, because manufacturers and the public find that it is to their advantage to employ them. When we compare this state of things to that now unhappily existing in the United Kingdom, the comparison is not flattering to ourselves. Here, instead of between 30 and 40 per cent. of blind children being trained sufficiently to support themselves by music, probably not more than one per cent. is so trained. The remainder have to be assisted by public or private charity, and are often glad to obtain a precarious subsistence from some simple manual trade. It is with the view of remedying this state of things that the present movement has been set on foot. I have long been satisfied of the necessity of establishing a school to supply a higher musical education than is obtainable in any of our institutions. Mr. Campbell, the blind gentleman to whom the present satisfactory position of blind musicians in America is mainly due, came to me with a letter of introduction from Berlin, and in him I found exactly the talent necessary for conducting such a school. A committee has been formed, the list of which I enclose, consisting partly of friends specially interested in blind education, and partly of the members of the St. George's Committee of the Charity Organization Society. A member of the Committee has promised 1,000*l.* if 2,000*l.* were subscribed before the 1st of this month. He is willing to extend for a short time longer the period in which the 3,000*l.* will be collected. 2,800*l.* has been already promised, and I can hardly doubt that the full amount will be subscribed as soon as the movement becomes generally known. Suitable premises have been found, and the Committee for Organizing Charitable Relief has kindly given us the use of their offices, 28, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. Subscriptions will be received by the bankers of the committee, Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1 Pall-mall East, or by myself.—I remain, yours very truly,

T. R. ARMITAGE, M. D.,
Chairman and Treasurer of the Provisional Committee.

33, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, Aug. 24.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

The concerts given in the Royal Albert Hall by the London Glee and Madrigal Union previous to the closing of the Exhibition were as satisfactory as regards effect as any that have taken place there. The reverberations which instrumental music creates were never at any time perceptible when Mr. Land and his able coadjutors—Miss Jane Wells, Miss Eyles, and Messrs. Baxter, Coates, and Hilton—executed their interesting selection of vocal music; whilst the resonance complained of in other performances lent fullness and power to the voices. Mr. Land seems to have spared no pains in forming a repertory which cannot be matched for purity of part-writing and agreeable vocal effects. The madrigals of the Elizabethan period were at one time the admiration of the civilised world, and although fashion has of late cast them into the shade, a reaction is taking place in their favour owing to the admirable manner in which Mr. Land is introducing them afresh. Her Majesty's Commissioners seem to be alive to the beauties of these compositions, as, under their sanction, Mr. Land has given a lengthened series of performances.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

How it was Composed and Set to Music.

"And you knew Frances Key?"

"Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house. There were once two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Taneytown, Frederick county, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, John's only children, were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, Mr. Bruce—said to have been heir to the throne of Scotland—who had built a mill on Pipe's Creek, and here, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spent his very early boyhood. The brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly-looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheerfulness and most pleasant smile I ever saw. When they moved into town, near my father's, Frank was half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring, and as shrewd as the shrewdest. He married bright little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with a sky-lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either repented of their marriage. Mr. Taney was a strict Catholic, and Frank an Episcopalian, not considered very zealous and sharp in his profession, and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife much larger and taller than himself, went to housekeeping on Market Street, and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809 to seek my fortune in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

"You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet? The atrocious scoundrel! Words can never paint the miserable coward and boaster in his true colours. After his depredations along the eastern shore of Maryland, there followed the sacking of Washington, the battle of North Point, and the attempt of the enemy to take the city of Baltimore by water, as they had failed to do it by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814. I have gone over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was forced out of him. Just think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort McHenry, the city's main defence. He could watch all the enemy's preparations, and he knew the danger that foreboded. Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight, while the sky was lit up with the fiery courses of the flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the common, and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart, sick with fear and doubt, could he help the grand outburst of that first verse? And then, as through the 'mists of the deep' the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first ray's, and he exclaimed,—

'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

it was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been anything like it since."

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a few rapid strides across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh and blood insolence of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

"Have you heard Frances Key's poem?" said one of our mess,

coming in one evening as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Fred Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called 'Anacreon in heaven' (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it), struck his fancy and rivetted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and a shout, he exclaimed, 'Boys, I've hit it!' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of the 'Star-spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made undersuch inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage of Holiday Street theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sang around our bivouac fires and whistled in the streets, and, when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it."—*Watson's Art Journal.*

Lines for Music.

GIVE US BACK THE TAILS.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who had no rent of house or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey girl a slave.
So the olden way 's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back our tails.
No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down,
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss's frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep,
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way 's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back our tails.
They had no fashion's promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray;
But then the old boss-monkey had
No milliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkeys young,
Through night to keep a-storming;
They saved thereby (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A Joint Commission High.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them hath descended,
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the olden way 's the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
So, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails.

To J. H. BARNETT, Esq.

WAIFS.

The Manchester *Sphinx* speaks in the following eulogistic terms of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's new music composed for the *Merchant of Venice*—

"The critics of the daily press have as yet said little or nothing of Mr. Sullivan's music for the so-called 'Lorenzo Masque,' at the Prince's Theatre. For the honour of Manchester we must say a word about it, for fear that silence should leave a stain upon the (real or supposed) reputation of the city as the first musical town of the empire. Confessedly written as merely ballet music, and for a merely temporary use, it contains beauties and strokes of genius worthy of a better use and a more lasting reputation. In sentiment it expresses elegant force, both of movement and of thought; the rollicking sort of hide-and-seek horse-play of a crowd of masked revellers, wonderfully shown by the odd bits of quaint solos dodging one after another all over the orchestra from unusual instruments; somewhat of the weirdness of the Shylock episode of the play; and a good deal of the wild glee of a southern carnival. All these varied sentiments are expressed in turn, and then all at once, in a masterly way, and by means as legitimate and as classical as wonderful. We thought the music suggested vague recollections of Mendelssohn; but if that be true, it matters not. It is full of originality and of the fire of genius. Mr. Sullivan has written music which may be more lasting, which has certainly made much more noise in the world, but he never wrote anything better, and, indeed, few composers of any time have equalled it, in its way."

Dr. W. Spark, of Leeds, is about to read a paper.

In its last number the *Choir* fails foul of *Gideon*.

M. Flotow has arrived in Paris.

Mr. Mapleson begins his short "winter season" of Italian Opera at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday, the 30th inst.

The Sacred Harmonic Society already announces its fortieth season, with Sir Michael Costa as conductor.

The operatic season at the Theatre de la Monnaie has been opened by a performance of the *Huguenots*.

Mr. Howard Glover is the chorus-master of the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe.

The Odeon opens its doors this evening for dramatic performances.

M. Ernst Stoeger, the talented pianist, has returned from Paris to London.

Madame Alboni has returned to Paris after ten months' sojourn in London.

M. Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombre*, has been reproduced with brilliant success at the Opéra Comique.

Mdme. Carvalho was to make her appearance on Thursday at the Opéra Comique, in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*.

The Australian papers inform us that Mr. Charles Edward Horsley is about to return to England. Good.

Mr. H. C. Deacon, formerly a pupil of the late Mr. Cipriani Potter, was unable to attend the funeral, owing to his absence from town.

Signor Schira has returned from Italy, to resume in London those professional labours from which the progress of the vocal art among us derives such inestimable aid.

The reappearance of that excellent art-paper, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, edited as usual by MM. Brandus and Dufour, has given universal satisfaction in musical circles here.

Among the audience, on Saturday night, at the first performance of *Maritana* by the company of the "Royal National Opera," were the Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti) and her husband.

M. Bagier will re-open the Italiens on Nov. 15. At present he is artist-hunting in Italy, where we wish him good sport, and a full bag.

Madame Camilla Urso, the accomplished violinist, is engaged by M. Padeloup for his "Popular Concerts" in Paris in January next. Middle. Urso will *début* with Beethoven's Concerto.

Franz Stockhausen, brother of the well-known baritone has been appointed chef of the Strasburg Conservatoire. His nomination is the subject of much complaint, although Herr Stockhausen, it seems, is an Alsatian.

The violinists of Vienna and other continental capitals are using liquid colophony instead of solid resin. The mixture, applied with a camel's hair brush, is said neither to injure the bow nor the strings, and to last one hundred hours' playing. It is also stated that the strings give out a clearer tone than when solid resin is used.

Dr. Robert P. Stewart, of Dublin, is composing the music to an ode by Mr. Wellington Guernsey, "a tribute from Ireland to America," for the "World's Peace Jubilee" to be held at the city of Boston, Massachusetts, next June.

Messrs. Inman and Co., of Liverpool, have with great liberality granted a free passage to and from Boston, United States, to the Band of the Guards who are expected to attend the peace festival in 1872, in one of their Royal Mail Packets.

The Minstrel business is in a "bad way." As one after another the New York troupes struggle back to the metropolis, they endeavour to adapt their entertainments to the new order of things. The latest dodge is the use of the panorama.

A Boston youth warbled "I'm lonely to night, love, without thee," until the irate father let loose the dogs. The same youth gave a tailor a fourteen dollar job, and just now does not sing "I'm sitting on a stile, Mary," because sitting with him is an impossibility.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.—The British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, in Great Marlborough Street, W., and Finsbury Square, E.C., has just received a handsome present of valuable framed engravings for the decoration of the Out-Patients' Waiting Halls from Mr. Henry Graves, the eminent publisher.

In a letter from Berlin to Herr David, dated July 30th, 1838, Mendelssohn says:—"I should also like to write a Violin Concerto for you next winter. One in E minor runs in my head, the beginning of which gives me no peace." The concerto was first played by David, in 1844, at the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts. The very last time Mendelssohn attended a concert was to hear Joachim play this concerto at the Gewandhaus. It was first played in London (at a Philharmonic concert) by Signor Sivori, in 1846; and next by M. Sainon.

The Leipzig *Signale* tells a good story about the recent Beethoven Festival at Bonn. The house-maid of a well-known professor there came to her mistress while the Festival was in progress, and said, "Please excuse my asking a question. Cook and I have been disputing about who Beethoven was; I maintain that he was the inventor of railways, and that is why the Festival is held." On her mistress explaining to her that Beethoven was the greatest of musicians, she answered, "Well, at all events, I am glad that cook was wrong too; for she declared that he was a great genera

Auburn (Indiana) has a brass band. The local poet thus immortalizes it:—

"The leader's name is Joe McKay,
And music's son is he,
Joe and Palmer E flats play,
Young, Long, and Shaffer B;
Abright and Johnson altos join,
Geo. Brant, "E basso" chimes,
And Arnold, with his young right arm,
The thundering bass drum bangs."

The Academy students used to call one of the pianoforte studies of the late Mr. Cipriani Potter (an animated *bravura*) "change for a sovereign." Says the *Choir*:—

"No musician of intelligence and education can sit down to write an oratorio without feeling uplifted and elevated by his task, remembering the glorious and sublime field he is about to enter upon. But this glow of appreciative enthusiasm is not genius; it is not the mighty creative faculty which raised such works as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation*. Some men shine for a brief time with a borrowed light, and eyes deceive themselves into a conviction that they have supplied their own fuel, when in truth they are merely burning oil extracted—perhaps by unconscious kleptomania—from other men's lamps."

The New York Harmonic Society have made arrangements with Mr. George Dolby for the performance of a series of oratorios, in which Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. J. G. Patey, and the great baritone, Santley, will sustain the principal parts. The Chorus will number about 300 voices, and the orchestra, which in connection with this kind of performance is usually so meagre, will not be less than 62 performers. The whole will be under the direction of Dr. James Pech. The rehearsals have been very numerously attended, and we have every hope that with soloists so eminent, and a chorus under efficient drill, the performances will create an impression for oratorio as favourable as it is deserving. The first performance of *Elijah* will take place on Tuesday, October 31st, at Steinway Hall.

There is a particular kind of authorship connected with "the ring," which of late years has been declining, with other branches of dramatic literature. The art of writing "wheezes" would appear to be nearly extinct. It may be, perhaps, as well to explain that "a wheeze" is that playful colloquy which takes place between the clown and the riding-master, during certain intervals in the several acts of horsemanship,

and which is very useful in enabling the equestrian to recover breath. It generally begins with "Oh, I say, sir," and usually ends with "Don't be a fool," the cue for which exclamation is always a smart crack of the whip about the piebald stockings of Mr. Merryman. Although intended to appear the result of a happy inspiration at the moment, a "wheeze" was always written, studied, and carefully rehearsed beforehand. Thirty years ago the writer of a good "wheeze" could command from five shillings to half a sovereign for his composition, but there was always some difficulty in securing the exclusive copyright; and what with the difficulty of commanding the entire services of the original author, and the unfair competition of those who stole the "wheeze" ready-made, there was little to be gained. Of late years the jokes of the circus clown have usually been very dreary, and the attempt to make the arena a place for delivering dismal homilies has even shown worse taste than was displayed in some of the facetiousnesses. What is required in the ring from the lips of Mr. Merryman is the sublimity of nonsense. We all know the fruitlessness of reasoning in a circle.—*E. L. Blanchard.*

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.—"Goethe" (says Mendelssohn, translated by Lady Wallace), "is so friendly and kind to me, that I don't know how to thank him sufficiently, or what to do to deserve it. In the forenoon he likes me to play to him the compositions of the various great masters, in chronological order, for an hour, and also tell him the progress they have made, while he sits in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, his old eyes flashing on me. He did not wish to have anything of Beethoven's; but I told him I could not let him off, and played the first part of the Symphony in C minor. It seemed to have a singular effect upon him. He at first said, 'This causes no emotion—nothing but astonishment; it is grandiose.' He continued grumbling in this way, and after a long pause he began again: 'It is very grand, very wild; it makes me fear that the house is about to fall down; and what must it be when played by a number of men together.' During dinner, in the midst of another subject, he alluded to it again."

A musical contemporary has taken the trouble to say:—

"The indiscriminate use of adjectives is always one of the faults against which incipient authors and writers for the press have to contend, and an amusing illustration of the absurdities committed in this respect is furnished by the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News*, who, in describing the ovation recently accorded to Mdlle. Tietjens at Dublin, speaks of that lady as the 'fair' *prima donna*. Applied to some of our lyric artists, whose golden hair is, perhaps, as great an attraction to the public as their voices, the epithet would be perfectly correct; but to allude to Mdlle. Tietjens as a 'fair' *prima donna* is, we think, a little unfair."

This is verbal criticism run rampant. Does not the writer know that the word "fair" is conventionally applied to all lady artists; just as all officers are termed "gallant" and all magistrates "worthy?"

EICHSTADT.—The third general meeting of the Universal Cecilia Association of Germany was held last month, and continued for four days. The Bishops of this place and of Cologne took an active part in the proceedings. The same is true of the apparently ubiquitous Abbate Franz Liszt. Among the other visitors, mostly ecclesiastics, choir-masters or organists, were the following Cathedral *Kapellmeister*:—Kammerlander, Augsburg; Känen, Cologne; Schmidt, Munster; Milosch, Passau; Gaugler, St. Gallen; and Haber, Regensburg. Herr Witt, the Cathedral conductor here, was especially praised for the admirable performance of his choir. A select few were invited to hear the Abbate Franz Liszt at the Episcopal Palace. He played a movement by Beethoven; Bach's Prelude in G minor, some Hungarian Rhapsodies, and a "Tarantella di Bravura." On another occasion, he invited a limited number of friends, and had his own mass executed by Herr Kammerlander (1st tenor); Herr Weber (2nd tenor); Herr Stehle (1st bass); and Herr Haber (2nd bass), he himself presiding at the piano.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWES, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal," part 12.
J. WILLIAMS.—"At the Spring," song, by Arthur W. Nicholson.
BOOSEY & Co.—"Mand's System of Music," parts 4 and 5.—"Dans les Bois," sept morceaux caractéristiques pour piano, par Stephen Heller, Op. 128; "The Barytone Singing Method," edited by Charles Santley; "Six Sacred Part-Songs," by Arthur S. Sullivan; "Six part songs," by Frederic H. Cowen; "Second Organ Book," containing 33 entirely new compositions for the organ, by Julius Andre.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

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The fairy cricket. Song	F. Enoch... ..	3 0
Fly like a bird. Song (in E and F).	F. Enoch... ..	3 0
The roses I thought were mine. Song (in B flat and D flat)	W. Guernsey ...	3 0
Go, whispering breeze	3 0
Wake, Mary, wake (Sung by Mr. Santley)	J. Latey	2 0
The echo of the lake. Song (in A and F)	F. Enoch... ..	3 0
Stay, swallow, here. Ballad	F. Enoch... ..	3 0
The Abbess. Song	W. H. Bellamy ...	3 0
O tell me not of sorrow	3 0
Sir Roland	Jessica Rankin ...	3 0
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DUETS.

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I wait to see the swallows come. Duet for soprano and mezzo.	F. Enoch... ..	4 0
The melting of the snow. Duet for (Soprano and mezzo)	F. Enoch... ..	3 0
The Land of Dreams. Duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano ...	F. Enoch... ..	4 0
On Como's Lake. Duet for soprano and mezzo, or contralto.	F. Enoch... ..	4 0
Farewell. Duet for soprano and con- tralto	Bishop Heber ...	3 0
When the wind blows in from the sea. Duet for soprano and barytone...	F. Enoch	4 0
The wind blows fresh from the land. Duet for mezzo-soprano and barytone	F. Enoch... ..	4 0
O breathe 'ye, sweet roses. Duet (con- tralto and barytone)	W. Guernsey ...	4 0

TRIOS.

The Spirit of the Lake. Terzetto (for soprano, mezzo, and contralto)...	F. Enoch... ..	4 0
Princely autumn. (For two sopranos and mezzo-soprano)	W. S. Passmore ...	4 0
The sunbeam. Trio (for soprano, mezzo, and contralto)	Jessica Rankin ...	4 0

QUARTETT.

The lady of the Lea. (For soprano, alto, tenor, and bass)	W. H. Bellamy ...	4 0
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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Pupils should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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